

Ripley Advertiser.

Vol. 2.

RIPLEY MISSISSIPPI, JANUARY, 13, 1844.

No. 11.

THE RIPLEY ADVERTISER J. F. FORD.

PROPRIETOR AND PUBLISHER

TERMS:—The ADVERTISER will be issued regularly every Saturday, at \$2 50, in advance for every instance. No subscription will be received for a less period than six months. ADVERTISEMENTS will be charged at the rate of ONE DOLLAR per square, (ten lines or less) for the first insertion, and fifty cents for each continuance. Announcing candidates for office—ten for State and five for County—invariably in advance. The CASH will be required for all Job work when delivered—this rule will be strictly observed. Letters addressed to this office on business, must be post paid, or they might not be attended to. Advertisements should be marked with the number of insertions on the margin, or they will be continued until ordered out, an charge accordingly.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Major Jones's Courtship.

PAINTVILLE, Dec. 29, 1843.

Mr. Thompson,—Dear Sir: Crismus is over, and the thing's ded. You know I told you in my last letter I was gwine to bring Miss Mary up to the chalk a Crismus. Well I done it as slick as a whistle, though it come mighty nigh bein a serious undertakin. But I'll tell you all about the whole circumstance. The fact is, I'd made my mind up more'n twenty times to jest go and come right out with the whole business, but whenever I got whar she was, and whenever she looked at me with her witcher eyes, and kind o' blushed at me I always felt sort o' skeered and fainty, and all what I had made up to tell her was forgot, so I couldn't think of it to save me. But you're a married man, Mr. Thompson, so I couldn't tell you nothin about popin the question, as they call it. It's a mighty great favor to ax of a rite pretty gal, and to people as aint used to it, it goes monstrous hard, don't it? They ax widers don't mind it no more than nothin. But I'm makin a transgression, as the preachers say.

Crismus eve I put on my new suit and shaved my face as slick as a smooth iron and went over to old Miss Stanley. As soon as I went into the parlor whar they was all a settin round the fire. Miss Carline and Miss Kesiah both laughed rite out. There, there, ses they, I told you so, I knew it would be Joseph.

What's I done, Miss Carline? ses I. You come sister's chicken bone, and I do believe she knew you was comin when she put it over the door.

No, I didn't—I didn't, no such thing now ses Mary and her face blushed red all over. Oh, you needn't deny it, ses Miss Kesiah, you 'long to Joseph now, jes as sure as thar's any charm in chicken bones.

I knowd that was a first rate chance to say somethin, but the dear little creatur looked so sorry and kep blushin so, I couldnt say nothin zactly to the pint, so I tuck a chair and reached up and tuck down the bone and put it in my pocket.

What are you gwine to do with that bone now, Major? ses Miss Mary.

I'm gwine to keep it as long as I live, ses I, as a Crismus present from the hand-somest gal in Georgia.

When I sed that she blushed worse and worse,

As't you shamed, Major! ses she.

Now you ought to give her a Crismus gift, Joseph, to keep all her life, ses Miss Carline.

Ah! ses old Miss Stanley, when I was a gal we used to hang up our stockings—

—Why mother! ses all of 'em, to say stockings rite afore—

Then I felt a little streaked too, caus they was all blushin as hard as they could. Highty-tity! ses the old lady—what 'finement. I'd like to know what harm there is in stockings. People now a days is gittin so measly mouthed that they can't tell nothin by its name, and I don't see as they're any better than the old time people was. When I was a gal like you, child, I used to hang up my stockings and get 'em full of presents.

The gals kept laughin.

Never mind, ses Mary, the Major's got to give me a Crismus gift—won't you Major?

Oh, yes, ses I, you know I promised you one.

But I did't mean that, ses she.

I've got one for you, what I want you to keep all your life, but it would take a three bushel bag to hold it, ses I.

Oh, that's the kind, ses she.

But will you keep it as long as you live?

ses I.

Certainly I will, Major.

Now you hear that, Miss Carline, ses I; she ses she'll keep it all her life.

Yes, I will ses Mary—but what is it? Never mind, ses I, you hang up a bag big enough to hold it and you'll find out what it is in the mornin.

Miss Carline winked at Miss Kesiah, and then whispered to her—then they both laughed and looked at me as mischievous as they could. They spected somethin.

You'll be sure to give it to me now, if I hang up a bag, ses Miss Mary.

And you promise to keep it, ses I.

Well, I will, caus I know you wouldn't give me nothin that wasn't worth keepin.

They all agreed that they would hang up a bag for me to put Miss Mary's Crismus present in, in the back porch, and about nine o'clock I told 'em good evenin, and went home.

I set up till midnight, and when they was all gone to bed, I went softly into the back gate and went up to the porch, and thar, shore enuff, was a great big meal bag hangin to the jice. It was monstrous unhandy to get into it, but I was tarmined not to back out; so I sot some chairs on top of a bench and got hold of the rope and let myself down into the bag, but jest as I was a gettin in, the bag swung again the chairs, and down they went with a terrible racket. But nobody didn't wake up but old Miss Stanley's grabe big cur dog and here he cum ripin and tarin through the yard like wrath, and round and round he went tryin to find what was the matter. I sot down in the bag and didn't breathe louder nor a kitten; for fear he'd find me out, and after a while he quit barkin. The wind began to blow bomanable cold, and the old bag kep turnin round and swingin so it made me susinck as the mischief. I was fraid to move for fear the rope would brake and let me fall, and thar I sot with my teeth rattlin like I had an ager. It seemed like it would never come daylight, and I do believe if I didn't love Miss Mary so powerfully, I would froze to death, for my hart was the only spot that felt warm, and it didn't beat more'n two ticks a minit, only when I thought how she would be sprised in the mornin, and then it went into a canter. Bimeby the cursed old dog come up on the porch and began to smell round about the bag, and then he barked like he thought he had treed somethin. 'Bow, wow, wow!' ses he. Then he'd smell agin, and try to git up to the bag. 'Git out,' ses I, very low, for fear they would hear me; 'Bow, wow, wow!' ses he. Begone! you bomanable fool, ses I, and I felt all over in spots, for I spected every minit he'd nip me, and what made it worse, I couldn't see whar bouts he'd take hold. 'Bow, wow, wow!' Then I tried coaxin—Come here good feller, ses I, and whistled a little to him, but it want no use. Thar he stood and kep up his eternal whinin and barkin all night. I couldn't tell when daylight was brakun only by the chickens crows, and was monstrous glad to hear 'em, for if I had to stay there one hour more, I don't believe I'd ever got out to the bag alive.

Old Miss Stanley come out fust, and as soon as she saw the bag, ses she,

'What upon yearth has Joseph put into that long bag for Mary? I'll lay it's a yearlin, or some live animal, or Bruin wouldn't bark at it so.'

She went in to call the gals, and I sot thar, shiverin all over so I couldn't speak if I tried to; but I didn't say nothin. Bimeby they all cum runnin out.

My Lord! what is it? ses Miss Mary.

Oh, it's alive! ses Kesiah, I sed it move.

Call Cato, and make him cut the rope, ses Miss Carline, and let's see what it is.

Come here, Cato, and let this bag down.

Don't hurt it for the world, ses Miss Mary.

Cato untied the rope that was round the jice, and let the bag down easy on the floor, and I tumbled out all covered with corn meal from head to foot.

Goodness gracious! ses Miss Mary, if it aint the Major himself!

Yes, ses I, and you know you promised to keep my Crismus present as long as you lived.

The gals laughed themselves amost to death, and went to brushin off the meal as fast as they could, sayin they was gwine to hang that bag up every Crismus till they got husbands too. Miss Mary—bless her bright eyes, she blushed as beautiful as a mornin glory, and sed she'd stick to her word. She was right 'o bed, and her hair wasn't combed, and her head wasn't fixt at all, but the way she looked pretty was rale distractin. I do believe if I was froze stiff, one look at her charmin face, as she stood lookin down to the floor with her rosy eyes, and her bright curls fallin all over her snowy neck, would fetched me to.

I tell you what, it was worth hangin in a meal bag from one crimus to another to feel so happy as I have ever since.

I went home after we had the laugh out, and set by the fire till I had thawed. In the forenoon all the Stanleys com over to our house, and we had one of the greatest crismus dinners that was ever seen in Georgia, and I don't believe a happier company ever sot down at the same table. Old Miss Stanley and mother settled the match and talked over every thing that ever happened in their families, and laughed at me and Mary, and cried about their ded husbands, caus they wasn't alive to see their children married.

It is all settled now, cept we haint sot the weddin day. I'd like to have it all over at once, but young gals always like to be engaged awhile, you know, so espose I must wait a month or so. Mary has been a good deal bothersome to me, but if you would see her, you wouldn't think I ought to grudge a little sufferin to get sich a sweet little wife.

You must cum to the weddin if you possibly kin. I'll let you know. No more from your friend till death.

JOS. JONES.

The Charleston Mercury (Calhoun) says:

'We mean to support our principles, and when we find out what principles the Democrats are going to support, we shall know what sort of fellowship there is to be between us.'

The Mercury is in a very unpleasant position, indeed. It has been talking about the "Democratic" party and its principles for a long time, and is now compelled to come out and confess that the party has no principles, or, if it has, that they are past finding out. But, notwithstanding the unpleasantness of the Mercury's situation, it is by no means peculiar to that paper. There are thousands of honest men in the country waiting for the Democratic party to make an exhibition of its principles, who, in the mean time, do not know whether they are Democrats or not. Of course, no one now knows whether his notions are Democratic. Everybody must wait until the great Convention of the Democratic party agreeable to the new lights, before he can decide whether he is worthy of that time-honoured and much abused party designation or not. A man, who, in advance of that period, assumes that he is Democratic, is exceedingly presumptuous. There have been so many efforts lately made to get at what Democracy is, and so much quarrelling consequent on these efforts, that the country is sick of the subject, and every heartily wishes that the period of the Convention were nearer, in order that we might the sooner know what the deuse of Democracy is, or rather what it means to be hereafter.—Lou' Jour.

EFFECTS OF THE TARIFF.—The Journal of Commerce, in its attempt to prove that the tariff operated oppressively upon the people, laid down the following among other "postulates."

When the duty prevents the article from being imported, which but for the duty would be imported, then the duty enhances the price.

In the reply to this we instanced the article of "nails" on which the duty is nearly or quite prohibitory and yet the article instead of being "enhanced," has actually fallen since the tariff went into operation. We might cite too, the article of "pins," on which the duty is entirely prohibitory. And yet the price of pins, instead of being enhanced by the duty is less now than it was before the tariff became a law. Indeed the adoption of the tariff was the signal for many of the American manufactures to lower their prices.—The reason is obvious. Under the protective influence of the tariff these manufactures have nothing to fear from foreign competition, but can depend upon a steady and rapidly increasing home market. So far then as these wares were concerned, the effect of the tariff was, not to enhance the price, as the Journal of Commerce contends, but to transfer the manufacture of the article from Europe to our own country. The consequence is, that a much better article of American manufacture is furnished to the consumer at a less price than the inferior foreign article cost before the tariff was adopted! Could there be a more signal illustration of the beneficial working of the Whig tariff? And yet Martin Van Buren, in his eager desire to conciliate Southern favor, denounces and disclaims this crowning measure of the Whig policy? Will the friends

of American enterprise consent to sacrifice these great interests to the political necessities of the "Northern man with Southern principles."—Albany Journal.

EXQUISITE IRONY.—POVERTY—As poverty is the lowest, so it is the most impudent of the whole family of vices. Pride is a gentlemanly failing, and sins sweetly and respectably. It smells of civet, and turning its varnished cheek to the sun, walks abroad in purple and fine linen. Nay, it rides in a coach and four; and, in hours of penitential castigation, bolts itself in pews of the best upholstery, and in a fit of humility, lasting at least a couple of hours calls itself a miserable sinner. Hence, pride at its worst has good graces: At all events, it never offends that extraordinary abstraction; public decency; for though we hear much about it, it is, nevertheless, sometimes as difficult to discover as a city police man. No, pride, being vice that is well to do in the world, may be called respectable. Pride keeps a barouche! Drunkenness may, or may not, be respectable, according to its education! When we say education we mean the peculiar bottle which it studies. For the drunkenness that ponders over champagne, is a very different vice to the drunkenness that takes libations from pewter quarters. Arrogance is also a vice that may have its laudation. It rarely consorts with beggars; but is, at least among that suspicious class, the respectable. Covetousness and avarice are called vices; for our part, we have ever thought them amongst the noblest virtues. And so indeed in their heart of hearts, do nine men out of ten think them. And this is what they do; they give them hard names and then, to make amends for their seeming harshness, take them to their bosoms, in the same way that a foolish mother, when she sees her baby doing all sorts of misde-means, cries, "you little wretch," and then catches the child in her arms and covers it with kisses. There are other vices that may all of them be turned into passable virtues, if found in good company. Lust: cruelty, selfishness, each and all of these may have a pretty alias—another trifling, musical name for the long ears of biped thistle eaters. But there is one vice—and that vice is poverty—which situation degrades to be infamous, incorrigible, incapable of amendment; a leper, a wretch, a monster, to be confined in cabins and cellars, or sent, like a scapgoat, into the howling wilderness.—London Punch.

Shameful.—The militia law of Rhode Island does not exempt females from performing militia duty, and several have been arrested and confined for disobeying said law. In this respect Rhode Island is some centuries behind the enlightened spirit of the age. The law should be changed immediately, that this disgrace to the State may no longer exist. The ladies have held a meeting on the subject and resolved, that, as they are compelled to do militia duty, they are entitled to muskets—a committee of two has been appointed to request a supply of arms from the quarter master general. And they have also appointed a committee of four women to obtain a suitable woman to instruct them in military tactics. Should they succeed in forming an Amazonian phalanx, those who passed the obnoxious law may be made to feel that a woman's vengeance towers above her sex.—Union.

Henry Clay's Wife.—A lady of North ern Pennsylvania, now residing in Virginia, has written to a friend Montrose; Pa, from which the editor of the Susquehanna Register has published several extracts. Among them we find the following, which will interest the ladies at least, and show Mrs. Clay to be the true American matron, as her husband is American citizen and patriot.

'I happened to get in company with Clay men and ladies too. I met with Mrs. H—; of Lexington, Kentucky, who had visited at Mr. Clays during the last summer; and she gave a pleasant account of the domestic habits of the family. Mrs. Clay gets up at four o'clock in the morning—superintends her dairy, does much of the labor with her own hands, sometimes churns the cream, and always salts it and prepares it for the market, &c. She said it was a well arranged house, and she described the place as beautiful in the extreme. I enquired if Mrs. Clay was genteel and lady like in manners. She said yes, exceedingly so—that it was rare to meet one so intelligent and accomplished. Mrs. H. would have made a Clay man of you, if you had heard her talk.'

Death of Pete Whetstone.—This notorious freebooter, who for several years past has been guilty of the most daring atrocities on the travellers and citizens upon the borders of Texas, has at last come to a violent end. On Sunday, the 5th inst., a person against whom he had uttered threats of violence came to Whetstone's cabin, situated about twenty miles from Shreveport, and, finding the door closed, and turning the door, the stranger discharged a load of buckshot in his breast, when Whetstone instantly fell dead.

Whetstone is represented to have robbed more than twenty different persons within the last year.

Durant Hatch.

COMMISSION MERCHANT & GROCER,
FRONT ROW, MEMPHIS, TEN.

WILL keep constantly on hand a full supply of Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, Salt, Cotton Bagging and Rope &c., &c., which he will sell at the lowest prices for cash. He is prepared with safe, spacious and convenient Store, Warehouse, and Cotton shed and yard, and solicits consignment. The citizens of Shreveport are greatly rejoiced at having finally got rid of this monster.—[New Orleans Bee.

Canadian Affairs.—The late decision removing the seat of government to Montreal and the consequent angry resignations in the cabinet, seemed to be indications of the growing strength of the French liberal party in the neighboring province of Canada. We now have news of the disruption of the new administration and overthrow of the reform party. The following account is from the Toronto Herald:

'The metropolis in case has been thrown into quite a Babel-like confusion by the unexpected intelligence that the Lafontaine administration, which during the session had controlled the destinies of United Canada as with a rod of iron, was at an end and that its members, with but one exception, had retired. For some time past Mr. Lafontaine's majority was so great as to be publicly boasted on the floor of the house as an absolute power, and every measure he brought forward was triumphantly carried. On Saturday, Nov. 25th, however, it was known that Sir Charles Metcalf had held a cabinet council, which engaged the attention of the administration for several hours; and on Monday, at the opening of the assembly, the usual routine of business having been gone through, Mr. Lafontaine rose and informed the house that he and his colleagues, with the exception of Mr. Secretary Daly, had resigned their offices, and that the governor general had been pleased to accept the same. No reason was given for this movement. A similar scene was enacted in the legislative council, Mr. Sullivan, as premier, i.e. president of the executive committee, having made a similar announcement.

The new ministry has not yet been formed; but it is ascertained that the governor general has sought the assistance of Mr. Draper, formerly attorney general of Canada, and Mr. W. Morris, of the legislative council; it is understood, also, that the French loyal party will be represented in the new cabinet.'

Parliament will probably be dissolved, and a new general election ordered.

All these things prove, we think, that the fires of the patriot war are still burning in the ashes, even under the snows of winter. The French Canadians will not be loyal without a share in the government; and the moment they have a share, the British very party become disgusted, and throws obstacles in the way of harmonious action. We do not know what may be the capacities of Sir Charles Metcalf, but it is evident that the times demand the exercise of prudence, firmness, and tact.—Boston Post.

Shut the Door.—This injunction is brief and easily complied with. Shut the door; that's short. True it's imperative; very much so; but it is proper, when necessary. It is any thing but a hint, or even a request; in fact it is a command, and one that claims obedience on all occasions on which it becomes necessary to issue it. Shut the door; yes, shut it. You found it closed when you entered; why then should you leave it open? You have no right to leave it so, and you of course do wrong when you neglect to do right; that is certainly a correct inference, plain, clear, evident, logical, and consequently sound. Shut the door then.